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# O D E

ON THE

## Victory of Waterloo.

BY

ELIZABETH COBBOLD.

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IPSWICH:

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AND MR. KEYMER, COLCHESTER.

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1815.

*The Profits of the Sale to be appropriated to the Waterloo  
Subscription.*



TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

**GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES,**

**Regent**

OF THE

**UNITED BRITISH EMPIRE,**

*In ADMIRATION of that exalted and unremitting BENEVOLENCE which in Adversity fostered and supported, and has twice pre-eminently led to the Restoration of, the Royal House of FRANCE,*

*In VENERATION of the FIRMNESS that combined, strengthened, and secured the dearest Interests of EUROPE,*

*And in GRATITUDE for the Blessings which, under  
the Guidance of divine Providence, his steady and  
prosperous Government has preserved to the BRITISH  
NATION,*

*With the ardent Feelings of Patriotism, and the  
loyal Duty of an Englishwoman,*

*The following Poem*

*Is very respectfully inscribed by*

*His Royal Highness's*

*most humble, most obedient,*

*and most devoted Subject and Servant,*

***ELIZABETH COBBOLD.***

HOLY WELLS, IPSWICH,  
*August 12th, 1815.*

# O D E

ON THE

## VICTORY OF WATERLOO.

### I.

HOW lately, in delusive State,  
Bright Peace enthron'd in sunbeams sate,  
Her snowy banner wide unsurl'd  
And seem'd to smile on all the world !  
While Joy and Fancy round her head  
Bright wreaths of rainbow lustre spread,  
And ev'ry eye, and every breast,  
The beatific vision blest !  
We gaz'd upon the pageant fair,  
And, as we gaz'd, each vivid hue,  
Each floating form of grace withdrew,  
And all the fairy scene dissolv'd in air.

## II.

The rivers of fraternal blood  
That swell'd thy stream, polluted Seine !  
Roll'd not innocuous to the main ;  
A stagnant and corrupted flood  
They delug'd all thy marshy plain :  
And thence the Sun, whose vernal smile  
Had fertiliz'd a purer soil,  
In heavy mists, and baleful dew,  
The pestilential vapors drew,  
Till cloud on cloud, in cumbrous fold,  
The Tempest's bulky volume roll'd,  
And Demons wild, of giant form,  
Hung on the Darkness and embraced the Storm !  
There Anarchy Ambition join'd ;  
Revenge with brutal Rage combin'd ;  
And Murder's deep tremendous yell  
Woke each associate of hell :  
The Demon band, with furious cry,  
Their leader call'd from Elba's rock,  
Not Lucifer who dar'd defy  
High Heav'n, more willingly could fly  
To guide and concentrate the Tempest's shock !

## III.

Beneath that fierce and ruthless Storm  
The Lilies droop'd : the fairest form  
That brighten'd Gallia's plain  
Strove with the blast, and strove in vain,  
To raise her meek and spotless head :  
But BRUNSWICK's Star benignant shed  
Its influence on the drooping Flow'r ;  
She felt the dew of Pity's tear,  
The beam of Hope her faintness cheer,  
And liv'd and bloom'd in Albion's shelt'ring bow'r.

## IV.

First hope of Britain's royal race,  
O never that attractive Grace,  
So justly term'd *thine own*,  
With such celestial lustre shone,  
As when it dried fair Bourbon's tears,  
And cheer'd her hopes, and sooth'd her fears,  
And pointed to her native Throne !

## V.

By Treason rous'd, Napoleon sprung  
 Like lurking Tiger from his den,  
 And far and wide the death cry flung,  
 And rear'd the blood-strip'd flag again :  
 But Britain's firmness prov'd a charm  
 To wither that despotic arm,  
 Which, grasping empire, would have hurl'd  
 Destruction o'er a subjugated world.

## VI.

The Tyrant with presumptuous boast  
 Led forth his dark collected host,  
 The host of fickle France,  
 All gleaming in the bright array  
 Of cuirass, helm and lance :  
 For battle's onset prompt to burn,  
 As prompt the flying foot to turn  
 When Fortune turn'd the Day.

## VII.

To fight he strode, and with him came,  
 Profaning Friendship's sacred name,

His warrior Captains known to Fame,  
 To Infamy as truly known ;  
 Who, when subdued their Leader's pride,  
 With coward Falsehood left his side,  
 And hurl'd him from his Throne.  
 Allur'd by plunder, or by pow'r,  
 His steps they track in evil hour :  
 So dogs, with vulture troops combin'd,  
 Hunt their foul quarry down the wind,  
 And snuff the air, and scent from far  
 The blood and carcases of war.

## VIII.

As bursts the thunder from the cloud,  
 As beats the hail storm rattling loud,  
 As sweeps the blast its raging course,  
 So rush'd their battle's mingled force !  
 As meets that storm the lofty rock,  
 Firm Brandenburg receiv'd the shock ;  
 Rent trees and cliffs in ruins lie,  
 The awful mass still frowns on high,  
 In undiminish'd majesty !  
 So undismay'd, so wildly grand  
 Appear'd the Vet'ran's dauntless band ;

Though Havoc call'd her hosts from far,  
 Though Gallia's overy helming war  
     With slaughter strew'd the plain,  
 Still their rent ranks unyielding clos'd,  
 Still battle's steady front oppos'd,  
 And ev'ry Warrior ere he fell,  
 Inscrib'd his valor's record well  
     In heaps of foemen slain.

## IX.

O for the Inspiration high  
     That woke the holy lyre,  
 To such celestial harmony,  
     As quell'd the Demon's ire,  
     Or led the glad triumphant choir,  
 That with light step exulting trode  
     Before the sacred Ark of God !  
  
     Then should the songs of woe,  
 That sadly celebrate the mighty slain,  
     In plaintive numbers flow  
     To soothe the Mourner's pain,  
 Till ev'n the Widow's and the Orphan's eye  
     Should glisten, as the changing strain,  
     By soft degrees, from Pity's sigh  
     Evolv'd high notes of victory,

## 11

And ev'ry chord combin'd to raise  
The full, the perfect strain, to hymn Britannia's praise.

## X.

But O what song the praise can tell  
Of those who, self-devoted, fell,  
When ev'ry gallant leader fought  
As if that glorious day he sought  
To win as bright a wreath from Fame  
As circles WELLINGTON's immortal name ?  
Each persevering soldier too,  
A leader in that battle grew,  
And felt as resolute in fight,  
As firm, in British hardihood,  
As though upon his single might  
His country's bulwark stood.

## XI.

A wall of life the serried square appears,  
In mute and horrible array  
Of motionless protruded spears :—  
The fierce steed trembles to essay

The fatal charge, and starting back,  
    Regardless of the spur or rein,  
Shrinks, snorting, from the vain attack :  
Urg'd on again to brave the shock,  
His madd'ning cries the effort mock,  
    And wildly o'er the plain,  
Spurning control, the chargers fly,  
    With shiver'd bit and bursting girth ;  
Till sweeps the thundering grape-shot bye,  
And hurls, in dread fraternity,  
    Th' unbroken ranks to earth !

## XII.

Ev'n as they stood in death they lay :—  
The glazing eye, the livid brow,  
Still frown'd defiance on the foe ;  
Each breast high swol'n still seem'd to feel,  
Each stiffen'd hand still grasp'd the steel,  
In that same mute and horrible array.

## XIII.

As fell that brother band, what cries

From England, Scotland, Erin rose !

What shouts of vengeance rent the skies !

How shrank appall'd the startled foes !

Yet, furious in the fight,

Of cuirass'd strength and numbers vain,

They turn'd like rabid wolves again,

With shrieking yell, and savage might :

Then WELLINGTON's inspiring gla'ce

Beam'd on the Brunswick's noble band,

As, proudly graceful in command,

He led the charge, and wav'd his hand

Indignant tow'rd's the host of France.

As Britain's sons the signal saw,

Burst from their line the loud "*Hurrah!*"

And by revenge and valor driv'n,

They rush'd, the thunderbolts of heav'n !

Then Gallia's falt'ring ranks recoil'd

In terror and confusion wild,

And in their rapid racing strife,

Each fled for individual life,

As not alone from Death they flew

But all Hell's added horrors too.

## XIV.

And where, in that tremendous hour,  
 Where was their Leader's mighty mind?  
 Recall'd it not his shatter'd pow'r,  
 Their order rallied, force combin'd,  
 With stern command their panic quell'd,  
 Their courage cheer'd, their fear dispell'd ?  
 The Eagle snatch'd from weaker hands,  
 And as he rais'd th' imperial ensign high,  
 In well known accents call'd his bands,  
 Who, broken, trembling, hopeless, fled,  
 To follow, where his footsteps led,  
 To instant death or victory,  
 And with decisive prompt array  
 Reserv'd, if not redeem'd the Fortune of the Day ?

## XV.

O no :—in shameless flight,  
 Wrapt in the robes of selfishness and night,  
 He left his scatter'd host,  
 And to the guilty city flew,  
 In hopes with plausible and lying boast,  
 O'er Anarchy's unsteady crew,  
 His dream of Empire to renew.

## XVI.

Yes, he whom Faction proudly styl'd  
 " The Arbiter of Fate ;"  
 " Delighted Valor's fav'rite Child "  
 " The brave, the wise, the fortunate ;—"  
 Yes, he, Napoleon ! Godlike Man !  
 Philosophy and Reason's pride,  
 Of western Empire giant Lord,  
 Whom Treason lov'd, and Infidels ador'd,  
 From the first turn of Battle's tide  
 In abject terror ran.

## XVII.

And when the stillness of the night,  
 Scarce broken by the dying groan,  
 Or wounded Warrior's feeble moan,  
 Succeeded to the clang of fight,  
 The clouded Moon, with sickly gleam,  
 Glanc'd on that field her coldest beam  
 And shuddering look'd, with aspect frore,  
 On corses, scatter'd arms, and stagnant pools of gore.

## XVIII.

Then o'er the bloody plain  
As Victory stretch'd her eagle wing,  
And wav'd her wreath on high,  
A tear from Pity's holy spring  
Stood trembling in her eye;  
She mourn'd her many Heroes slain,  
And wept amid her joy.

## XIX.

That tear embalm'd the mighty dead,  
It deckt with flowr's their altar bed,  
And thence celestial odours rise  
In Blood atoning sacrifice,  
And Victory's humid eyes  
Are rais'd to Heav'n with Seraph glance  
Of glorious and extatic trance,  
As on her raptur'd vision press  
Bright scenes of future happiness.

## XX.

From France the haggard Fiends retire ;  
 Her fallen Tyrant quits the strife  
 And drags an ignominious life :  
 Religion shines again with purer fire,  
 And legal rule and social bliss combine :  
 Her vales the golden harvest fills ;  
 Luxuriant o'er her sunny hills  
 Ascends the clust'ring vine,  
 And Health, and ruddy Labour, lead  
 The merry dance along the mead,  
 While joyous Europe smiles to see  
 France blest with Order, Peace and Liberty.

## XXI.

Again the tide of Commerce pours  
 Its flowing wealth on Britain's shores ;  
 Again from all her rocky bounds  
 The festal shout of Peace resounds ;

Her dusky Artisan prepares  
From swords to form the shining shares,  
    The massy anvils ring :  
To sickles chang'd are gleaming spears,  
And as they reap the ripen'd ears,  
    Her jocund Peasants sing :  
All rich in flocks and herds are seen  
Her fragrant hills, her pastures green :  
To ev'ry gale her flag unfurl'd,  
    Triumphant floats the waters o'er,  
And as it greets each franchis'd shore,  
    United Empires, great and free,  
    Hail BRITAIN, EMPRESS of the SEA  
And GUARDIAN GENIUS of the WESTERN WORLD.















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